Old Beginnings by moondropss

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: 27 Years Later (IT), Carvings, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, Everyone Is Alive, Henry Bowers Being an Asshole, M/M, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, The Kissing Bridge (IT), both richie and eddie's perspectives, eddie comforts richie, i cant write the adult losers sorry, idk what else yeah, it goes from kids to adults, kinda lowkey a fix it, r + e, the arcade scene, the other losers are mentioned but not in the fic srry, theyre both dumbasses, theyre in

LOVE idc

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier **Relationships:** Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed Published: 2019-12-03 Updated: 2019-12-03

Packaged: 2019-12-18 03:39:08

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1 Words: 4,057

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie and Eddie's love story throughout 27 years.

Old Beginnings

Author's Note:

HIHI omg i really hope this is good i've been working on this since I think a little after chapter two came out! I saw the post on twitter and I really wanted to write it and I finally did!!

This fic is based on @/punkenigma 's (on tumblr!) post: "Okay so I hear all of y'all with your "Richie takes Eddie back to the kissing bridge after the sewers and they recarve the R + E together" and I love it, I truly do, but may I raise you:

Richie takes Eddie back to the kissing bridge after the sewers and shows Eddie the carving to which Eddie freaks out and shows Richie, a little further down the bridge, a smaller and more unsure carving that says 'E + R' and the two of them, realizing just how disastrous they both are, just laugh and laugh before embracing. And maybe they carve a new one, together."

I really hope I did it justice! Also I can barely write the adult losers so I hope that turned out okay!! let's begin

Their story begins a little like this. >

It's 1989. Richie Tozier was in love with his best friend. The boy with slight curls at his temple, warm brown eyes that shone like honey in the light, that flashed whenever Richie had said something dumb. What was there not to like about him? Eddie was *the* cutest boy on the planet.

Besides Richie himself, of course.

He knew, though, that there was no chance that Eddie could love him back. It hurt like the secret he carried in his chest. He knew it was different. He knew it couldn't be.

So, Richie tries. He knows, deep inside, that it's pointless. It's impossible, an aching whisper, this secret he carries — there was no version of Richie that could not love Eddie. But he tries. to get over his feelings. When the losers club got in a fight after Neibolt, Eddie was put under house arrest by his mother and Richie couldn't see him unless he snuck out.

Instead of sneaking out to see him, Richie went to the arcade instead. He tried to focus on something, or someone other than Eddie. Playing street fighter with Henry Bowers' cousin. It was nice to focus on something, or *someone*, rather. Other than the boy he couldn't get out of his head.

"You're fucking good," the boy smiles at him after they were done playing.

Richie kicked his ass.

Richie smiles back, his heartbeat getting a little faster, something that only happens when Eddie is around.

"Well, I gotta go."



Desperately.

He stays in his place for a little longer, before Henry opens his mouth, prepared to spit venom, injected into Richie's heart like acid.

Richie's head was spinning. His intestines felt like they were twisting and he could barely hear anything over the static in his ears.

Fuck, fuck fuck. He really wants to leave. He really *has* to leave. He has to get out of here.

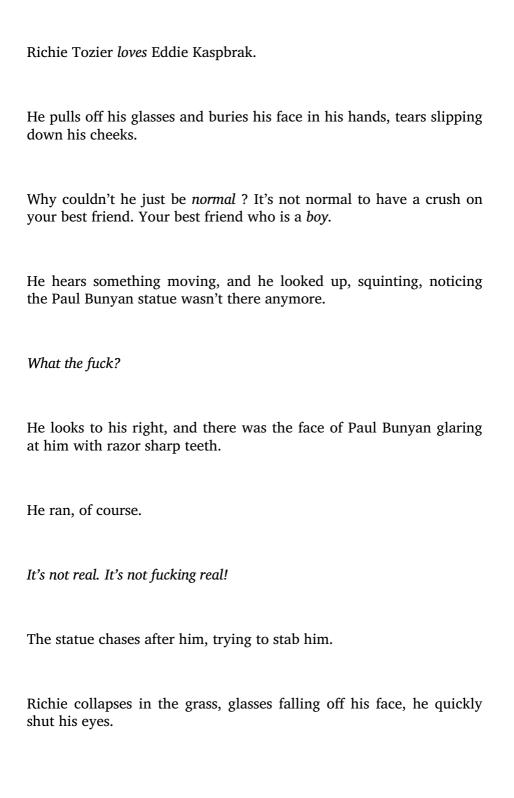
So he did. After finally shaking his head from the staticy feeling, he ran out of the arcade. Not wanting to stay there a minute longer.

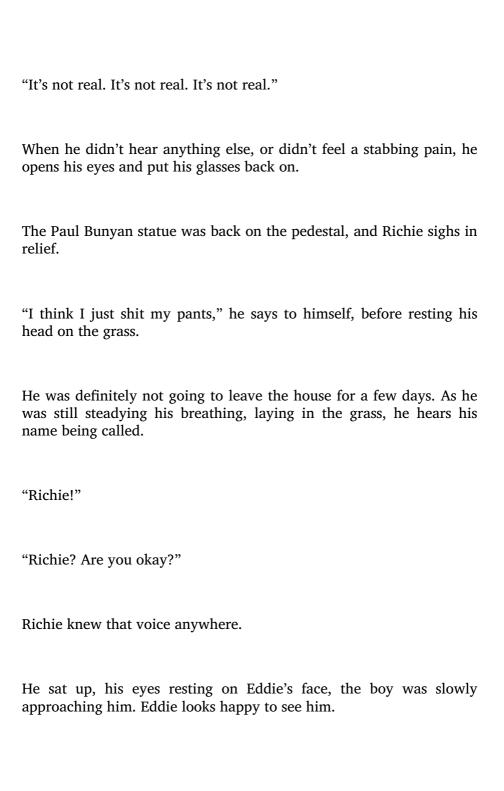
Richie ran to the park with the Paul Bunyan statue, rubbing his eyes, trying to will himself not to cry.

He had just wanted to have fun, the arcade was *his* spot, but of course Henry had to ruin it.

After a few minutes, Richie was back to thinking about Eddie.

Richie wishes he was here with him. He couldn't keep avoiding Eddie. It hurt him too much.





As usual, whenever he saw Eddie, his heartbeat picks up, his palms go sweaty, and his mouth begins to move on it's own.

"Eds! Long time no see buddy. Sorry I haven't visited you. Too busy fucking your mom. How's your arm?"

Eddie just rolls his eyes, but he still had a smile on his face. He took a seat next to Richie in the grass.

"It's fine. Just hurts a little, really too creepy to fucking think about how I broke it. What are you doing out here?"

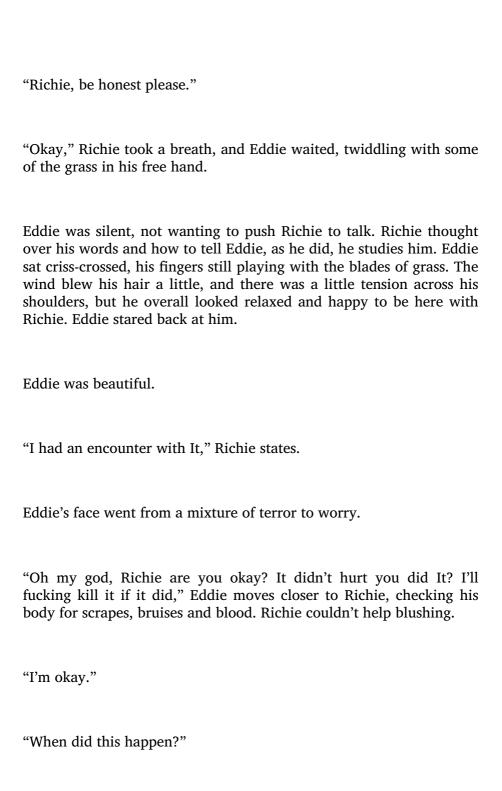
"Enjoying a nice day at the park, how'd you get out of the house?" Richie replies simply. Not wanting to tell Eddie about his encounter with It, or what happened at the arcade.

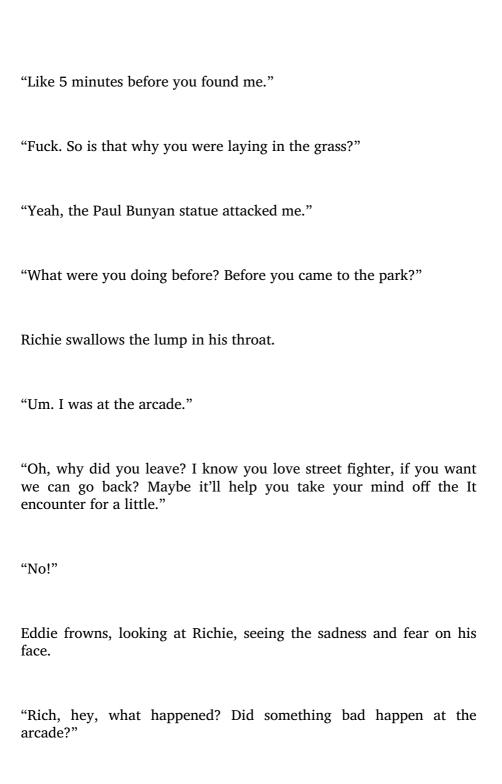
"Told my mom I was going to the pharmacy, gave me about an hour and a half to get back before she calls the police," Eddie rolls his eyes again.

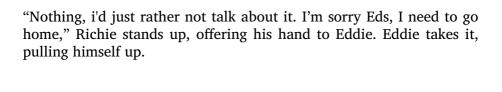
"Ah. Sonia. You're welcome, she wouldn't have been so nice without my sweet sweet love I gave her last night," Eddie ignores him.

"Why were you laying in the grass?"

"Cloud watching!" Richie could tell Eddie didn't believe him.







"I can walk you, if you want. Your house isn't that far. I'll just go to the pharmacy after."

Richie wants to say no. But at the same time, he doesn't want to be alone, and this was *Eddie*. Richie can't say no to Eddie.

"Okay."

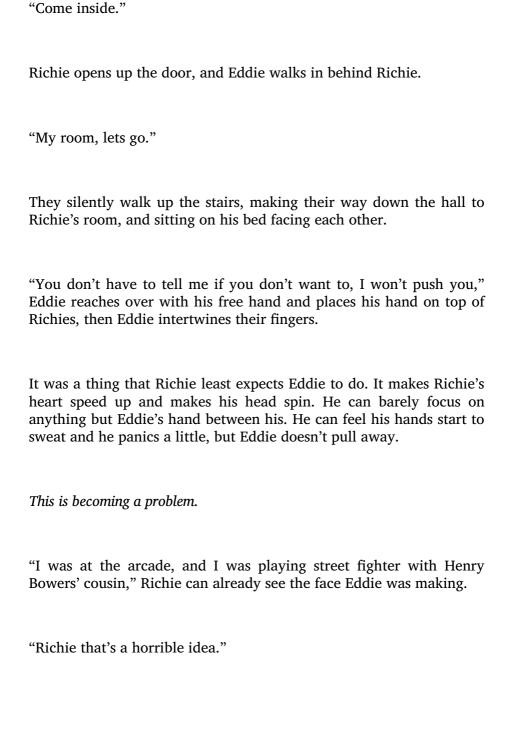
The two walk to Richie's house. Eddie telling Richie a story on the way, and as much as Richie loves Eddie's stories he can't focus on it.

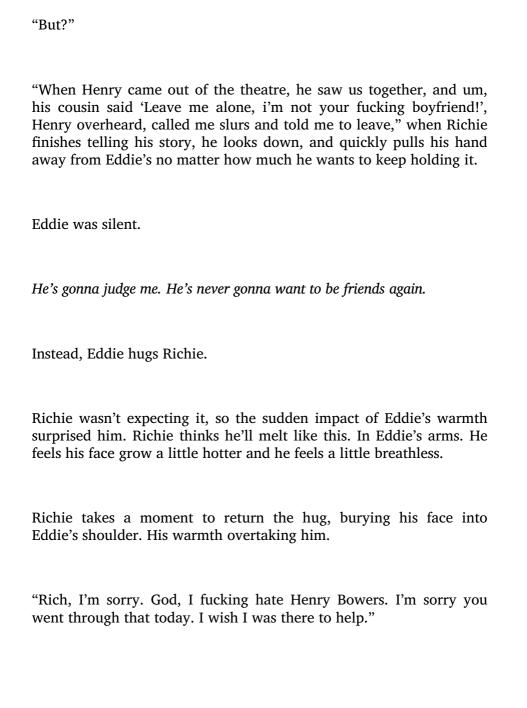
Soon, the two were in front of Richie's house.

"Here's my stop. Thanks for walking me, Eds. I'll see you soon, be safe, please." Richie was about to go in, but he was stopped.

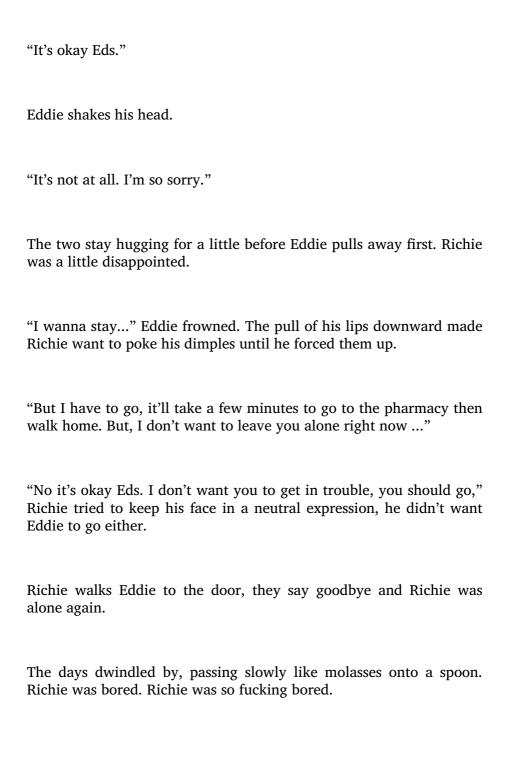
"Richie, i'm worried, what happened at the arcade?"

Richie hesitates.





"He was actually really cool. But," Richie takes a deep breath.



So, after a week of boredom, Richie decides to go back outside again.

He hasn't seen Eddie at all. He knew he was still on house arrest and Richie didn't want to bother him. He could sneak out, but he didn't know if Eddie wants to see him or not.

After the day with Eddie, Richie has been thinking about him nonstop. Eddie consumes all of his thoughts, and distracts him from most things.

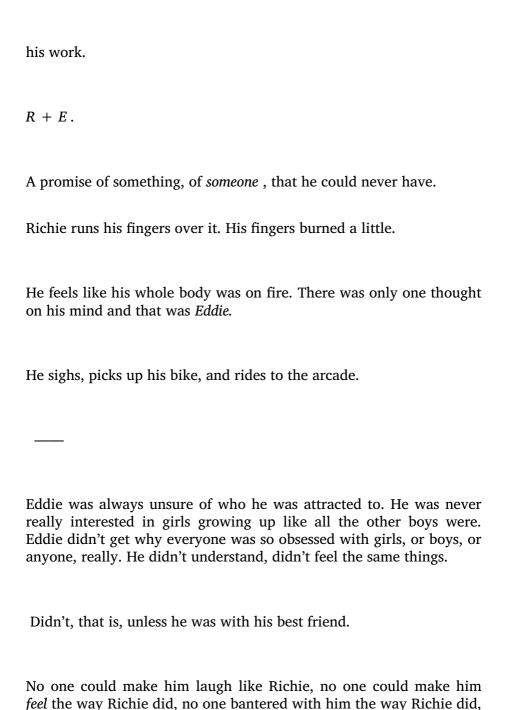
He had an idea earlier in the week, but was still too scared to leave so he promised himself when he got his confidence back he would do it.

He tells his mom he's going to the arcade, and he was. But he needs to make one little pit stop first. Instead of taking his usual route to the arcade, he takes a detour, making his way to the kissing bridge, instead. Knowing exactly what he was going to carve, the idea that has been in his head since earlier in the week.

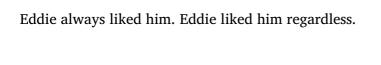
He stops a little at the beginning of the bridge. He takes out a pocket knife, makes sure no one is around, and carves.

Richie feels an adrenaline rush as he carves, nervous someone could catch him at any moment. He could feel the weight of the knife pushing against his fingers as he carved and carved.

After a few minutes, he leans back, wipes his forehead, and admires



and he loved all their stupid arguments. No matter how annoying Richie could be, even when Richie is making his stupid mom jokes,



Eddie liked him, in a romantic way.

Boys weren't supposed to like other boys. That's what his mom always told him.

But, Eddie did. Eddie liked another boy.

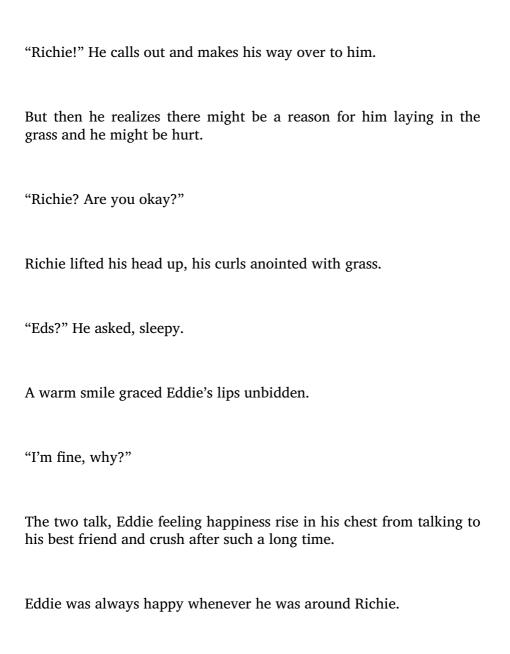
When Sonia Kaspbrak put him under house arrest after breaking his arm, Eddie felt alone.

He had lost his only friends in the world all because of his mom.

He was only allowed out to get his medicine, and on that one day when he was heading to the pharmacy, he saw a very familiar trashmouth laying on the ground.

Eddie feels a spark of joy rise in him. His stomach started churning with butterflies, a smile makes its way onto his face.

He hasn't seen any of his friends in a week or two. And *Richie*, of all people! Where the hell is he? Richie had a habit of sneaking into Eddie's room at night and staying till the sunrise. But lately, he hasn't done that. Eddie hasn't seen him at all.



After Richie tells him about his encounter with it, and later at Richie's house when he tells him about the arcade, Eddie feels his

blood boil.

On his way out of Richie's house he makes a promise to himself. To protect Richie forever as well as he could, he deserved nothing bad to come to him. Richie was such a good person.

His heart fluttered as he thought about Richie as he made his way to the pharmacy.

Whenever Eddie thought about Richie he always felt warm. He wanted to prove his feelings in some way. Not to Richie, to himself, really. Just to get it out there, somehow. *Especially* not by telling anyone.

On his way home, the perfect idea on how to do *just* that.

The kissing bridge! It's perfect!

He smiles to himself and rushes home. Not even his mom could ruin his good mood.

So that night, after his mom was passed out, he snuck out. It wasn't the first time Eddie has snuck out. He has snuck out before, but not many times. He could probably count the amount of times he snuck out on one hand. It's usually because the boy who he sneaks out to see usually comes to him. Eddie always felt a thrill whenever he snuck out. Having to be as quiet as he can, his heart racing and his palms sweating, risking being caught at any moment. Grabbing his bike, and pedaling hard. The night air was cool on Eddie's face as he rode, it was a cloudy night with a full moon.

Eddie made his way to the end of the kissing bridge. Running his fingers over all the other names that were carved.

Eddie felt the weight of the pocket knife, so he brought it out, looking around a little unsurely, wondering if he should even do this.

He does it anyway.

As Eddie carves, his hands shake. They shake so much that his E is a little uneven. Same goes for the next letter.

After he's done carving, he steps back, wipes his forehead and looks at his work.

E + R.

A little smaller, more uneven and unsure than all the other names carved, but Eddie feels proud of himself. Proud of himself that he could even admit he had a crush on his best friend.

On his way back, he spots a spot further towards the beginning that read R + E.

It's not you, it's someone else, Eddie. Way to be selfish.

Eddie frowned, and kept his head down as he pedaled back to his house.

27 Years Later

Richie Tozier and Eddie Kaspbrak had forgotten each other over the years.

Forgotten feelings, forgotten memories, that had all came flooding back after Mike's call.

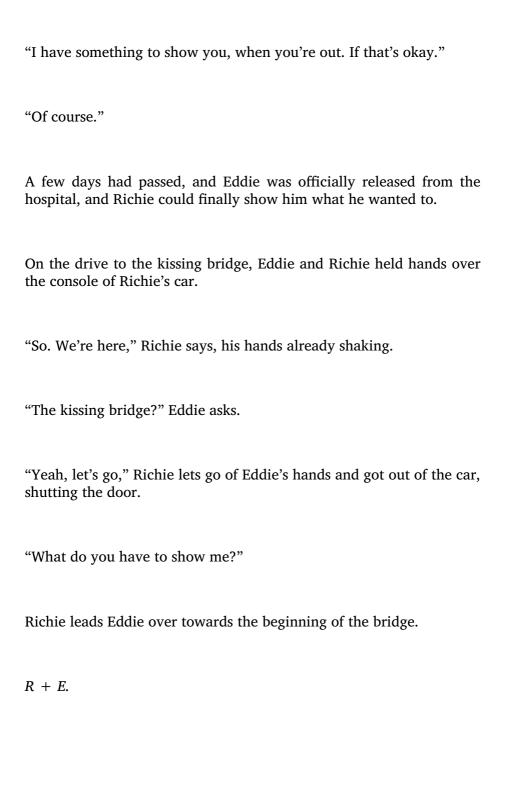
When Richie sees Eddie again, it felt like time had stopped.

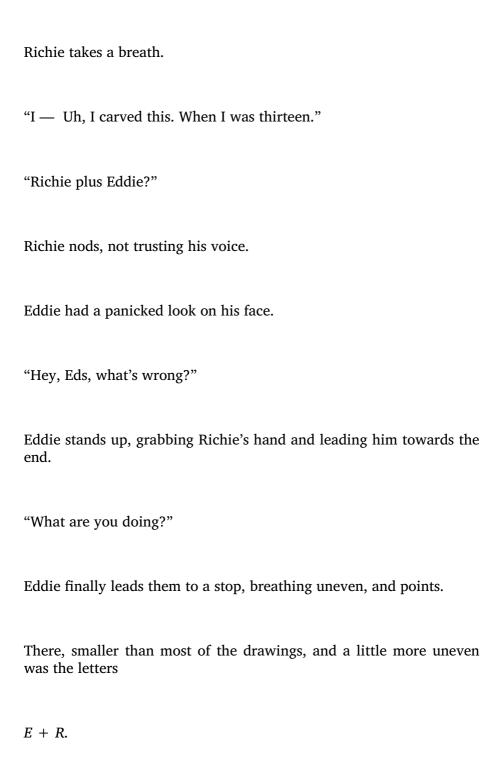
Richie could barely hear anything over the heartbeat in his ears and he could barely see anything because of the tears springing to his eyes. Richie feels like he has forgotten how to breathe, his breath had gotten caught up in his throat. It was like how Richie always felt whenever he was around Eddie. They stare at each other for a few seconds, but it felt like hours before they are running toward each other and they hug each other till they can't breathe, like their lives depended on it. (Maybe in this situation it did.) Wondering how they could ever forget the strong feelings they had.

They had never admitted that they loved each other, but all the other losers could tell.

Richie had covered up his feelings in mom jokes and his trashmouth.







"What — Eds?"

"I - I also carved this when I was thirteen. When we had the big fight before almost killing Pennywise when we were kids," Eddie almost whispered. His voice was so low Richie almost didn't hear him. His voice cracked a bit at the end and Eddie shivered after saying It's name.

"I carved mine then too."

"I had to sneak out, you know. My mom."

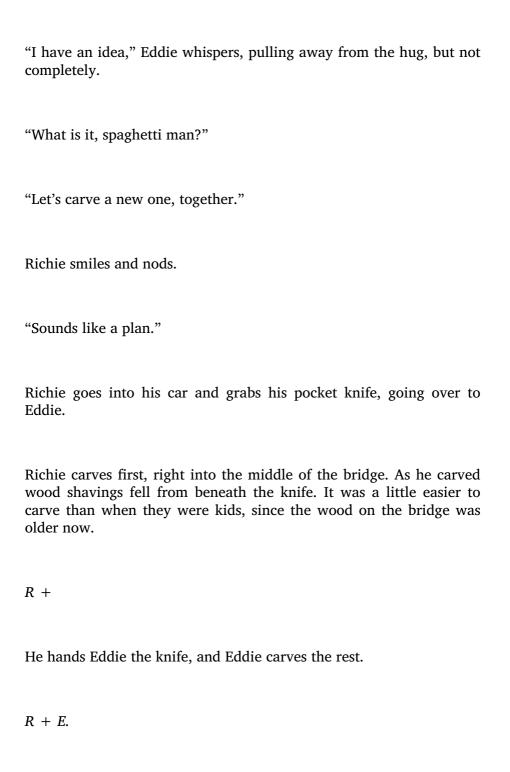
"I remember, wow. We're both disasters huh?"

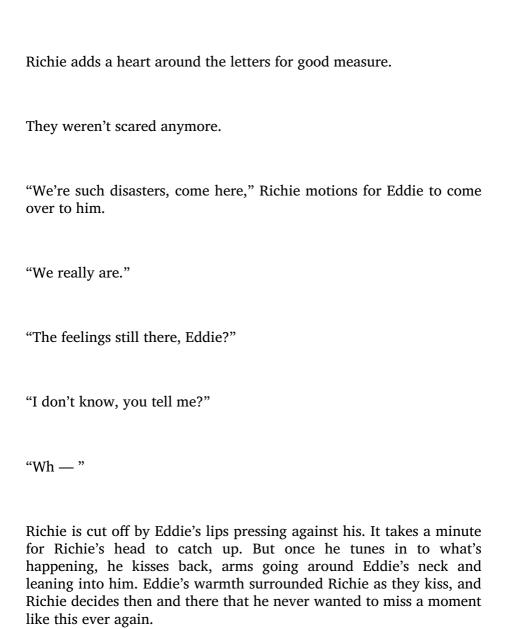
"Truly."

Eddie started laughing, and Richie joins in.

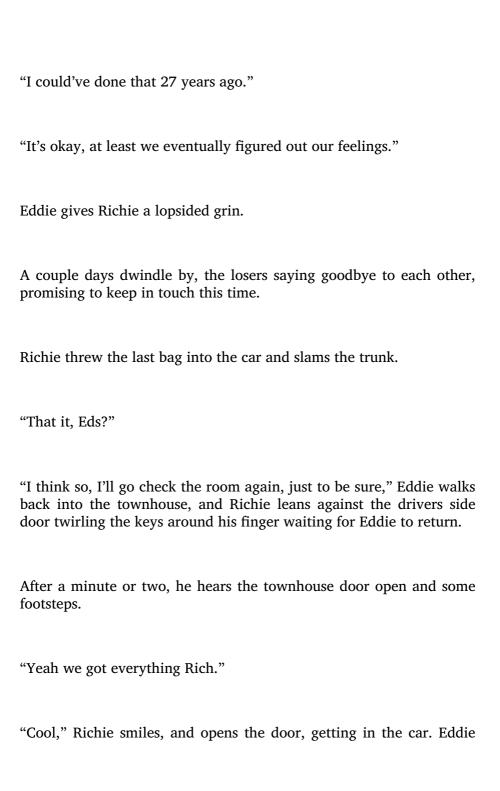
After Eddie stopped laughing, he hugs Richie.

Richie, of course, hugs back, melting into his arms a little too instantly. That warmth of Eddie instantly taking over him. Richie has always felt safe and warm in Eddie's arms. Ever since they were kids.





The kiss wasn't long, Eddie was the first to pull away. Richie was again, a little disappointed.





Richie will definitely not let that happen.

Author's Note:

that's it !! I hope you guys enjoyed! if u want to find me on twitter or interact with me there my @ is @/skataeds!